

I bake cookies for my classmates and peers every holiday.  
The truth is I'm giving myself away, piece by piece.  
Someone declines, I look at them inaudibly asking why they hate me.  
"Sure, that's fine."

If I'm left whole, I'm not satisfied, unusually full after dinnertime.  
Hiccuping breaths in bed, already knowing my mom can't hear me being emo, listening to emo music.  
I don't talk to her about these things in fear of dismissal.  
"Do you want to move back?" No.  
"Do you want to move back to where you know nobody and everything is in an hour's walking distance?" No. *Let me stay here. Why are you doing this to me?* Returning back to the town where everybody must know me from being the crybaby, socially weird kid, past me would be horrified.

*"It's just a cookie."* I really wish it was. It could just be a delicious pastry made with kindness from the vanilla extract and passion of the whisking bowl, if only I weren't held captive, forced to make it from the ingredients of desperation eggs and whatever validation flour I have left.

*"Anyone want any? It's good for the holiday spirit."* Said with a small grin.  
"NO." What's with the tone? Are you okay? Did I do something wrong seventeen years ago?  
"Sure." I'm left wondering and wandering the halls, wondering if being baked (high) would just ease my mind.

Goddamn it, I'm considering picking up inhaling flavours just to chill my head out  
but I'm already addicted to caffeine and this goddamn headache  
sucks me down to six feet under, right into the soil.  
So, I might not be inhaling flavours, but drinking the enticing, mood-lifting light brown of the mug.  
If I don't I'll get headaches, antsy, and pissed off.

My brain is already fried enough by these useless worries, future me must be so disappointed.  
It's almost like an action movie accompanied by buttery popcorn and a *Coke Zero*.  
*"Just accept the soft chocolate chip cookies, and I won't get hurt, alright!?"*  
I shout, holding out the tray of pastries.  
Maybe thinking it that way will help me get up off this uncomfortable bathroom floor,  
sliding down the wall.  
I'm a usual customer in the germ-infested restroom, letting the rough paper towels collect my tears,  
but refusing to take the softer toilet paper.  
It's not always like that, though.  
I take the toilet paper sometimes, only if I get tired of burns under my red eyes.  
So don't feel obliged to take my cookies, reject me. I'm taking therapy. I'll get up myself.

I always do.